

sights in the world. There was Hvalur 5 and 6 resting gently on the bottom of Reykjavik harbor, only their skeletal superstructure peeking above the waves. Paul Watson was quoted as accepting responsibility for the attack, which he said was an enforcement action of the IWC's moratorium on commercial whaling that Iceland had violated.

David and I embraced in the streets, laughing with the elation that only a realized dream can bring.

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letters are better than email, and some of the best pen pals around are those in prison. grant barnes, from cherry creek colorado, tried to set fire to seven SUVs. all but two of the devices failed to ignite and, of course, no one was hurt by the late night action.

on july 24th grant pled guilty to the arson and was sentenced to an outrageous 12 years. due to the large amount of other Green Scare prisoners, grant's case seems to be little known about and he is getting very little mail or support. you can write grant at:

Grant Barnes #137563
San Carlos Correctional Facility
PO Box 3
Pueblo, CO 81002

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Otherwise, we have back issues of If They Only Knew still available. Send us money and we will get you some. Get in touch. Tipers_whore@yahoo.com we're friendly. Unless you're a cop. Then you should be warned, we have guns and explosives hidden in our underground fortress.

Anarcho-punk in Concord? Mooooo...



A CONCISE HISTORY OF BLACK-WHITE RELATIONS IN THE U.S.A.

IF THEY ONLY KNEW

25 mins. sucker



A Concord Zine!

Issue 6

The last luddite standing

We make no apologies for the quality or content of this time. If you have issues, hate mail, love letters or anything else, send us an email. [Tipers@yahoo.com](mailto:tipers@yahoo.com) This time is meant to be read with a good encyclopedia, as we do not explain everything we reference or talk about. It makes us feel like intellectuals to not fully explain everything we are talking about. Besides, if you do end up looking something up, maybe you will learn something interesting.
See you in the streets.
-Off the Pigs Productions.

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There is a difference between those who grow up in places like Berkeley and those who grow up in the suburbs. In Berkeley, you grow up around activism and artists and you want to create social change. In the suburbs you grow up around shopping malls and junkies. You don't hope for change or a better world. You hate your surroundings, and whoever is able to, leaves their hometown as soon as they turn 18, if not before. Time is not spent trying to help your fellow human; time most often is spent fucking shit up, or getting fucked up. Growing up in Berkeley you are sheltered from the reality of how fucked up society is. In the suburbs you experience it fully and grow up full of hatred against it. Either that or you assimilate into it. It is a conundrum. Places like Berkeley organize to make change, but it's those from the suburbs that really hold a passion and a hatred for society. Maybe one day.

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It's true, we hold a silly romanticism of foreign punk scenes, especially those of Europe. It seems like profane existence (sine) has had such a huge influence on the rest of the world. It seems like everywhere outside the states, all the punks are way political and have dreadlocks and listen to a lot of crust punk.

One of the coolest things they do is turn abandoned or unused buildings into social centers; squats if you will. Squats that act not just as housing but as infoshops and show spaces and libraries and travel pads all along with free housing.

Food clothes and shelter, these things are a right, not a privilege. If a building is not in use, and someone is in need of a home, they should take that building over. If you disagree, we don't have much to discuss.

Now, in the United States, squatting does exist. Many homeguard* live in abandoned buildings. There are also American punks who squat, though it seems like there is less of this in the bay area than places like Philadelphia. The problem is, here in the US most squats

are simply used as a place to spend the night. They never turn into social centers and rarely are they ever turned into a nice comfortable living situation. This is at least in part due to the law. However, we believe the argument can also be made that this is also in part due to the laziness and fear held by the punks. Fear of getting arrested.

We hear reports of police beating up squatters in other countries on a somewhat regular basis, yet those squatters still keep on fighting. What would happen if the punks in the US were not afraid of the law? What if they fought back? It might be that the police would find it too much trouble to attempt to evict squats and would give up. We don't know, as this has never really been tried.



Not long ago, in Copenhagen, a squat called the Ungdomshuset was evicted. Before the eviction happened, those who lived there boarded themselves inside of the squat and sent out word to other autonomous groups around the world

"Troublemakers of the World: We bid you Welcome!" The barricading of a squat when faced with eviction is actually quite common, as are street barricades and battles with the police. This time was extra ordinary though. Activists from all over Europe descended on Copenhagen, and Denmark saw the largest protests and riots in its history. The country had to ask its neighbors to send in their police vehicles due to the amount of Danish police vehicles set on fire. In the end, the squat was torn down, the country lost billions of dollars, and the struggle continues. The squatters are in negotiations with the city of Copenhagen for a new building to be given to them.

This is one instance of a wave of repression against European autonomist movements, with many long time squats being threatened with eviction. However, in Europe, unlike the United States, the squatters are willing to militantly fight for their homes and their social centers. For every attempted eviction (and not all of them succeed, mind you) there is a huge cost in police overtime and property destroyed. This is why the squats are able to operate openly and autonomously. The cost of shutting them down becomes too great for those in power to attempt it.

Squats such as Koepi and Rigaer StraÙe in Berlin, ENK in Vienna and Les Tasmeries in Dijon are completely amazing. Running water, electricity, internet, infoshops and libraries, show spaces, bars, community kitchens, bicycle workshops. A safe space where the police will not enter. They are clean, well kept, communally run and completely open about their activities. And we are not talking about houses here. We are talking multistory buildings. ENK used to be some sort of communist party office building. In certain parts of the continent, there are castles that are being squatted:

This is why, by the end of 2008 Off the Pigs Productions will be moving our warehouse operations to an undisclosed location in Europe. While we love our current squat in Canopy City and have high hopes it will continue to thrive well into the future, we are ready to take part in a larger autonomist community.

*homeguard, also know as housebans are houseless people who, unlike hobos and tramps, do not travel.

For over the last year there has been a tree-sit on the UC Berkeley college campus. The school plans to expand their football stadium and wants to kill a grove of oak trees in the process. A number of students are trying to save the oak trees.

We here at Off the Pigs Productions are all for trees and most definitely prefer trees to the construction of more buildings. However, this tree sit is such a silly "Berkeley" thing. A tree sit to protect 38 trees? Come on, aren't there bigger problems in the world and better ways of spending a years worth of energy? This is exactly why we dislike college towns. No sense of reality or contact with the outside world. When acres of forest are cut down every day, when tract homes and other types of development are taking over open space and wilderness through the country, when species of plants and animals are going extinct all the time, these people focus this much energy on 38 trees growing in an urban environment.

How much more could be accomplished if these people spent over a year of their life dedicated to something a little bigger? Look, in 1986 Iceland was planning on ignoring the International Whaling Commission moratorium on commercial whale fishing. That same year two activists spent maybe half a year raising funds and planning to take a one night action. In this single night they were able to sink half the Icelandic whaling fleet and destroy the whale meat processing plant in Reykjavik. An action that Iceland's whaling industry is still attempting to recover from.

Tree sits around the world have led to whole forests being saved from destruction. 38 trees in an urban environment hardly compares. While we do hope that this tree sit, as all tree sits succeeds, we believe the time and energy could be much better spent in other areas of the world. If the choice however would be between this tree sit and no action at all, we most definitely prefer for the tree sit to take place.

That all being said, we would also like to point to a future area of probable struggle in the bay area. In Concord California, the navy base is being handed over to the city government, and they must decide what to do with over 5,000 acres of land. Currently the city is deciding how much of this land should be saved as open space, how much should be used as parks and how much should be used to develop commercial and residential zones. This project has the potential to create 5,000 acres of open space, where we are more than 38 oak trees.

However, things are not looking good. A quick run down on concord city government recent activities: Recently, a member of the city council, Michael Chavez died of a heart attack. While we cheer the death of every politician, relatively speaking, he wasn't too bad. He actually ran on a very pro-open space agenda, and was the deciding vote on not allowing Wal-Mart to build a super center in Concord. Now, due to his death, a replacement has been appointed by the rest of the council: Guy Bjerke a right wing, pro-development jerk (who was very pro-Wal-Mart). Not only this, but members of the city council forced out the old City Manager and replaced her with one of their good buddies, who doesn't even live in concord anymore! Now take a look at how much he is going to get paid: \$200.00 an hour for 6 months of work. Also, because he no longer lives in concord, he will also get living expenses, at a rate of \$3,600 a month. He will also only work 4 days a week and have a flexible schedule besides that. And to top things off, the city will also be paying for his gasoline bill to and from Penn Valley, where his

actual house is every week, and any other expenses he collects along the way.

Basically, the city government is now made up mostly of super pro-development jerks and their personal friends, and it's getting worse. Clearly these people only care about money, and the best way to make money is to create more development. These are the people who will be deciding how much of the navy land should be developed!

So the question is, will we see a level of resistance and dedication to protect these 5,000 acres of land from development equal to that of the Berkeley tree sit? Will the Berkeley tree sitters and their supporters be willing to step outside of their liberal bubble and attempt the same thing in a town like Concord? Only time will tell, but we know we are starting to plan resistance today.

Spending money on booze and drugs and other useless crap, and then not being able/willing to pay 6 bucks for a punk show is lame as fuck. You may as well stay home and get wasted in front of the TV. That at least you can afford.

"I choose to consider Art as a useless labor, apolitical and of little moral significance." -Marcel Broodthaers

Street art is not graffiti. Street art is a way for hip kids to be "rebellious" and "creative" while actively posing no threat to anyone. It is a way for them to show off to their friends and convince themselves they are a part of an authentic urban graffiti culture.

The first episode of the Boomdocks had the young (16 years old?) hero, Huey going to a dinner party for a bunch of rich white people. Huey, being the black revolutionary that he is, decided to make a radical and what he assumed would be offensive speech about how Jesus was black and Ronald Reagan was the devil. Instead of being shocked or offended the rich white audience applauded how well he spoke and how good his pronunciation was, completely ignoring the actual content of his speech. They were rich and they were white. In other words, they were untouchable to someone like Huey. He was absolutely no threat to them. Not even an annoyance.



The same can be said of the relationship 'street artists' and those in power. Instead of any offence being taken, those in power look on street art as another commodity. One would think the buying and selling of a stencil may be a little bit more difficult than a canvas painting, as you cannot usually move a whole piece of sidewalk. However, no challenge is too great in the commodification of our world. Now, one may easily walk into Barnes and Nobles or even Urban Outfitters and purchase multiple books on 'street art' or even individual 'artists' such as Banksy. In the past the originality and uniqueness of a piece of art was the reason for its value. Replicas cost far less than the originals. While this is still true, collections of photographs of 'street art' are rapidly becoming a hot item. These types of books are quickly filling whole shelves of stores. Commodification prevails.

As always, those things that become cool and hip end up being bought and sold and in the end turned into absolutely nothing. Dilution to the point of meaninglessness is always the final outcome of the commodification of cultural aspects. Meanings and messages disappear as price tags are attached. We can only dream of a world where individuals are unaffected by trends. Where culture and hipness are not an influence on the individual. However, the reality is disappointing. The masses flock from one trend to the next, following whatever culture is crammed down their throat, and while doing so destroying everything in their paths. As with all other forms of art, bourgeois values have killed 'street art'.

ART IS DEAD, LET'S KILL

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 It doesn't make much sense at first, but shows and parties often make me feel pretty lonely. Yeah, I'm surrounded by people whom I mostly know and like, but the conversations are all shallow small talk. So even if I see someone at parties and shows all the time, all I really know about them is what I have learned from small talk; which in the end is very little. It just makes me think of how shallow most of my friendships are. In a few months, one of my really old friends is getting married. He's someone who I only see or talk to once every 6 months, at best, yet because we have such a long history and because the bonds we made were not based on small talk, I still feel closer to him than most of the people I know and see at shows every other week. We've made a real impact on one another's lives, where as at parties I feel like it doesn't matter in the least if I am there or not. And really, it doesn't. I can go travel for 6 months, come back, get a few hugs, and that's it. Everything can go back to the exact same way it was 6 months ago, because a relationship based on shallow small talk never really changes. I can have the same exact small talk conversation with a complete stranger as I do at most parties. The content of the conversation never really touches on anything important. That is the kind of atmosphere parties and shows, with their endless distractions and interruptions breed. Who wants to have a serious conversation when the chances of being interrupted are almost certain? Whether I'm in town or not doesn't matter to people at a party. There are so many other people to talk to, and bands to watch and beer to drink, what is one person more or less? I feel like I have no connections or real relationships with these people, so I just end up feeling lonely.

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There are two ways I like to judge my levels of trust in my friends. First, if I go to jail, would I trust them to care enough to get their shit together and bail me out, or would their reaction be "dude, he got arrested. That hella sucks. I'd like to do something, but I'm at this great party, and the jail is too far away".

My second criteria is, how conferrable would I be asking to spend the night at their house. Not them offering, but my asking. I have this funny thing where I don't like to accept stuff from people, and I especially dislike and avoid asking for favors from people. So me asking to spend the night at someone's house, while it may not sound like much, is actually a pretty good way to judge how comfortable I am with someone.

Most people I see at shows and parties I wouldn't trust with bailing me out of jail, and I don't feel comfortable asking to spend the night at most of these people's houses.

I'm not saying I don't like the people that I only know through shows and other social gatherings. I just want to have a more in depth relationship with them. I'd like to hang out in smaller groups, or one on one, in settings where a conferrable and longer conversation can occur. I like dressing up and going to the mall, or the opera, or a theater (the kind with a stage, not a screen) or go hiking or stuff our faces at a buffet, or ride bicycles

around town dumpster diving, or go camping, or pirate a boat, or build a boat, or trespass, or look at the stars. But most people don't make an effort to see me outside of shows. And I don't make one to see them. It sucks. I wish people were better at being friends than I am.

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Can you treat a police officer seriously, when he is asking you the question: "Why did you participate in an illegal meeting of dwarfs?" --Waldemar Fydrych

We had plans to write a brief history of Polish anarchism. Instead, we will focus on the Pomarańczowa Alternatywa (Orange Alternative, from now on referred to as PA) a group that we would like to call the Polish version of the French situationists, but attempting such a comparison would just lead to objections from all sides. In fact, we will give a tiny bit of background on this group, and then just list a fraction of the actions and "happenings" which they organized through the 1980s.

First, imagine living in the cold war, under a totalitarian soviet government, being controlled by the Kremlin. Imagine being told how great the working class revolution is while living under a toilet paper shortage. Imagine people disappearing and never being heard from again, and the government refusing to acknowledge that those persons ever existed. Imagine forced military service, food shortages, and rising prices. Imagine not being able to eat a banana in public, because this was seen as showing off your wealth, not everyone can afford a banana! Welcome to soviet Poland in the 1980s.

Formed in this time through actions and ideas started mainly by students in the city of Wrocław, PA used the absurd and surreal as a form of non-violent protest. Waldemar Fydrych, a student of philosophy and history introduced the idea of Socialist Surrealism; the idea that soviet society has become itself surrealistic. Soon after publishing his ideas in a student paper a student strike began. During this strike the first use of the phrase "Pomarańczowa Alternatywa" appeared in a strike bulletin. When martial law was instituted by the Polish government, those publishing the PA formed the Military Academy of Art. At this time the walls of the city could be seen covered with buffed and whitewashed anti-government graffiti. This newly formed Military Academy of Art would then go and paint irrational pictures over the whitewash. Things such as circle A's with flowers or dwarves. One would see graffiti demanding freedom with an orange dwarf drawn over them. These images became the symbols for PA.

Soon PA would start to perform "happenings" as they called them; absurd actions in which the surrealism

of the state would become obvious. These actions became an alternative to those of Solidarity, the main opposition group of the time. Unlike Solidarity and other "serious" opposition groups, PA offered no ideology of its own. Their antics actually upset the "serious" opposition movements at times, and were condemned by these groups. But the goal of PA was not to replace the existing power structure with another power structure. In fact, a decent amount of the time, PA poked as much fun at Solidarity and its serious protests as it did the communist regime. This was not a movement of political change, but of psychological change. A desire that people stopped being afraid of the police, but started to laugh at them.

Anyway, we believe the best thing to do, is rather than attempt to explain PA any further is give you examples of some of their happenings. We hopes this may inspire you in your struggles. We are especially interested in the upcoming Iraq War anniversary protests set to take place in March in Walnut Creek. If you are interested, get in touch. Tipers.whores@yahoo.com

Though the western mind, used to clumping all communists into a single group, may not see the irony of some of these happenings, such as the use of Lenin and Marx to ridicule a communist government, we include them anyway. Many of these happenings coincided with official government holidays, and other times, church or opposition holidays. Sometimes on no holidays at all. If you have questions feel free to ask us.

On to the actions, not in any sort of order:

-During the Nowa Huta industrial strikes in 1980, a letter was read out to the workers giving support to strikes in the most fulsome terms. The author of the letter was Lenin.

-Stalinist hymns were sung by a crowd which gathered round the chimpanzee cage in Wrocław Zoo.

- After Chernobyl, leaflets were handed out proclaiming the sightings of dwarves downtown. Soon real dwarves appeared. They claimed they grew up because they had eaten Chernobyl mushrooms

- On June 1, 1987 dozens of dwarves in red hats danced on Wrocław's city square giving lollipops to children and singing. As a result, many of them were taken to the police station for "breach of peace" and "littering" as some lollipops had dropped to the ground

- Following the release of activist and Polish Socialist Party members Pinior and Borowczyk on June 30th 1988, a demonstration took place featuring a mock trial at which the defendants were Pinior, Borowczyk, Marx and Engels.

response was chants of "long live the police" and "the Party's fighting, and it's a winner".

- On 6th November, the eve of the October Revolution, Orange Alternative held an elaborate celebration when about 150 people converged on a restaurant which had been designated the Winter Palace. Two groups had constructed large models of the battleships Potemkin and Aurora and the leaflets distributed beforehand to announce the event encouraged all to attend wearing something red to play the part of the Reds. Banners were carried bearing slogans such as "We support Boris Yeltsin" and "We demand the full rehabilitation of comrade Leon Trotsky." Another banner demanded an 8-hour working day for the police. As crowds gathered and passers-by of all ages started to join in and shout "Revolution" and Bolshevik slogans

-PA have paraded the streets in groups as the People's Guard with toy guns and a pet dog, demanding identification papers from the police, who in turn demanded theirs.

Before happenings bulletins such as these would be released to the public "A dwarf is a little-known creature. Neither the British Encyclopedia, nor any Brief Course of History of Russian Communist Party (Bolsheviks), nor any other universal works contain anything apart from the saying that dwarves are tiny people residing in forests. The Brothers Grimm and Snow White are those who were closely acquainted with dwarves. Socialism rates the dwarf idea highly and this is not only due to the red color of their hats. In the People's Republic of Poland you will probably see the dwarves on Swidnicka Street on June 1 (International Children's Day) at 3 p.m. Fairy dwarves can turn out to be the patrons of Second Stage of Economic Reforms." This was followed by a parade of dwarves.

"In these times of Socialist Surrealism, which is beginning to dominate the whole globe, toilet paper belongs in the realm of diplomacy - it is the White Papers of the White Elephant of Polish Hygiene.. Socialism, with its extravagant distribution of goods, as well as an eccentric social posture, has put toilet paper in the forefront of people's dreams.. To end all - a short quiz: Are the queues for toilet paper an expression of: a) a call for culture? b) the call of nature? c) the leading role of the Party in a society of developed socialism?" the decision was made to aid the authorities in their task in the redistribution of wealth. During the happening, members were arrested for distributing single sheets of toilet paper to

- In 1988, on the anniversary of the Russian Revolution, 4000 people marched through Warsaw chanting "We Love Lenin".

- March 1 was announced Spy Day and leaflets signed by General Pumpnickel urging spies of all countries to unite appeared on the walls of Wroclaw buildings. People in black with dark glasses with KGB and CIA badges, ear trumpets asked passers-by and police officers if they had any secret documents. The Real KGB and police were there doing the same thing. In the chaos that ensued, you had police officers attempting to arrest other police officers.

- Overnight main streets were filled with thousands of posters featuring Karl Marx. These were taken down by authorities the next day.

-At times, when the police decided to take measures, dwarf "policemen" dressed in clown suits came and began to actively help real policemen. The police officers had no choice but to leave, followed by bursts of laughter.

-once individuals holdings signs saying "galloping inflation" ran up and down the street. When the police stopped them, they shook the officer's hand congratulating them on stopping the run-away inflation crisis.

-hitting a board reading "poverty" on it. Explaining to the police they were trying to beat poverty.

-when the Solidarity opposition asked citizens not to vote, the PA urged citizens to vote twice. They wanted to see a \$200 turnout!

-members dressed as Santa Claus paraded down the street holding signs reading "Santa Claus - the hope of reform"

-other banners included: "more people's councils - less hospitals!", "Freedom and Water" and "the Warsaw pact - an avant-garde of peace".

-to make the police seem really ridiculous the PA often included them into their actions. In 1988, a police man was voted "Mister Poland" and the crowd of PA began to shout "down with the opposition". Other times chants of "The police party with us!" could be heard.

-on Policemen's Day PA brought a 18 foot flower picture to a police station and the crowd serenaded the police for a few hours, singing things like "for he's a jolly good fellow".

-once, a contingent of PA members dressed in red went to the main square and started posting up photos of Lenin. The riot police soon moved in and started arresting people and tearing down the photos. PA's

Needless to say, we were a little intimidated. The reality of what was so simple to discuss in England but was now staring us in the face in the freezing fall weather of a Reykjavik night was more than a little daunting. But we had known it would not be easy, so we began a series of late night observations of the harbor. Within two weeks of surveillance, a definite routine began to emerge. Every Friday night, a watchman would relieve the day watch, carrying with him two bottles of Brennivin, a strong Icelandic vodka. No activity could be seen on three of the ships, the watchman staying on the fourth ship, the one furthest from the dock. A weekend night emerged as the best night for action. In Reykjavik we saw photos from the whaling station, which was 45 miles from town. Tours were offered for the station, so David and I hitchhiked to the desolate station and were dropped off near the entrance. As we approached, not a soul was visible. The whaling season was over, and with it the demand for tours. David and I began to walk throughout the premises in broad daylight, gazing through windows at offices, machinery and workshops, and it quickly became evident to both of us that we might be able to strike the whaling station also. We knew we would have only one shot at the Icelandic whaling industry, and any risk to ourselves did not matter. Already we felt the chances were high that we would not get off the island once our sabotage was discovered.

Iceland in November 1986 was not a country that expected or even remembered the threats of a militant anti-whaling organization. Only one watchman was aboard all four ships. It was the off-season and the crews were ashore, with work on the ships restricted to daylight hours. The week of our planned attack, the whaling ships were taken into drydock. One by one, they were pulled out of the water for repairs and cleaning, which is a major operation. David and I had planned on attempting to sink all three ships minus the one that housed the watchman. Now we were forced to sacrifice our third target. Our money was running low, and the fear of my discovery still haunted us. Maybe we were already under surveillance ourselves, and the police were waiting for us to act before they could legitimately arrest us? Already David and I had read up on the Icelandic penal system and learned that the longest sentence given to any crime was eleven years. We also learned that Icelandic prisoners were employed making cement sidewalk blocks. From that day on, the jokes never stopped of how good we might become at building Icelandic sidewalks. Finally surrendering our fate to the whale spirits, we decided to act. We chose the night of November 7th for

passers-by, same theme was later echoed when members of PA were arrested on International Womens' Day for distributed sanitary towels in the streets.

In a surreal society, such as Soviet Poland, even the government saw the irony and ridiculousness of embracing the police and singing Bolshevik songs. A parade of dwarves was seen as an event worthy of sending police out to arrest the participants.

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Sinking the Icelandic Whaling Fleet from No Compromise Issue 28

by Rod Coronado

David Howitt and I spent the whole Summer of 1986 working to raise the money for our mission to infiltrate Iceland with the sole purpose of causing maximum economic sabotage to their whaling industry. I waited tables in a nightclub in London's Chelsea district during the nights, and I refinished antiques on Kings Road during the day. David went to southern England where he picked hops. Every few weeks we would meet to discuss our plans and go over intelligence we had gathered on Iceland. When our work was complete, we would make a batch of paint-filled light bulbs and ride out on our bikes to redecorate London fur shops.

Finally, the day arrived when we rode the London Underground subway to Heathrow Airport to catch our Iceland Air flight to Reykjavik. As we rode to the airport, I removed a patch from my jacket that read "Save the Whales, Save the Earth" with a picture of a fin whale. All we carried with us was our cameras, clothes and rain gear, underwater flashlights, knives and a couple of maps. All the tools necessary for any action would be acquired in Iceland.

When we arrived in October, only the hardcore tourists were still around. We got beds in the local youth hostel, and one of our first tasks was to buy a pair of bolt cutters and a large adjustable wrench from a local hardware store. We wanted as much time as possible between the purchase of our tools and the action, in case anyone might remember the purchase.

On one of the first nights in the capital city of Reykjavik, we snuck out of the hostel late at night and into a scrap yard from where we could view the four, 175-foot Icelandic ships that comprised the nation's entire whaling fleet. Hvalur ("whaleship") 5, 6, 7 and 8 bobbed in the harbor, tied alongside each other like four Riders of the Apocalypse waiting to unleash their evil on the natural world. The ships' superstructures were painted white with the bridge windows and portholes dark and imposing, resembling the eye sockets of a skull.

Our first task was the sabotage of the six huge diesel generators that provided power for the station. David and I were both experienced diesel engineers, and we knew what was good for an engine, as well as what was bad. Before long we were stripping off our outer clothing and sweating profusely in our handiwork.

Next, we moved onto the centrifuges that processed whale blubber into a high-grade lubricating oil that was used in missiles. Smashing the delicate gear, we next located what we could not find at the meatpacking plant: the Whalemeat Mountain. David had attempted to move the many crates of whale meat, housed in huge refrigeration units beneath the station, but the forklift he drove ran out of propane gas. We were forced to wedge open the refrigeration units and then sabotage the refrigeration units themselves so that hopefully the meat would thaw and spoil.

Watching World News a few days later, we would hear the station's foreman recount with shock how it appeared that the whole whaling station had been the target of an air raid.

We could have spent all night sabotaging the station, but the ships were waiting, so David and I signaled a retreat and returned tired and sweating to our car. Once there I experienced a frantic moment as I reached for the keys on the tire and found them not there. The high winds had been so strong as to blow them some feet away, where I found them with my flashlight. Now covered in grease and drenched in sweat, we drove back to Reykjavik. The weather made the roads treacherous, and often the car would start to slide when it hit ice.

I am convinced that many of my premature gray hairs were earned that night. An hour later we reached Reykjavik Harbor, where three ships lay bobbing in the water, the fourth in dry dock. Resting, David and I ate some quick energy food and stashed our confiscated record books from the whaling station in the backseat. Taking a deep breath, we opened our car doors and stepped back into the pounding rainstorm that made our ski masks and rain gear not just a disguise but a necessity. With hands in our pockets like two cold fishermen, we walked down the dead-end dock towards Hvalur 5, 6 and 7.

The tides in the harbor were such that we were level with the ships' decks; so to board, all we had to do was hop a few feet from the dock to the steel-plated decks. Moving quickly to Hvalur 5, David pulled out our bolt cutters and cut the hasp on the lock that shut the engine room and out the hatch on the fully-lit engine rooms, David searched the ship for any sleeping watchman while I moved into the engine room and began lifting deck plates, looking for the saltwater cooling valve that regulated

our task of vengeance. We said goodbye to our European friends and told them David and I were going to rent a car for our last day to do a little sightseeing. We drove to the airport on the morning of the 7th to pre-check our luggage for the 6 a.m. flight out of the country the following morning. It was to Luxembourg, but we did not care where it went, as long as it was not Scandinavia. Next, we drove to Iceland's only vegetarian restaurant for what might be our last supper. We had been saving our money for this last luxury but found the restaurant closed. Not to be disappointed, we bought food from a supermarket and drove to a clearing above the whaling station to eat our meal and await the early winter darkness.

While eating, we listened to the car radio and after our meal discovered we had drained the battery dead. Here our mission might have ended, had not a vanload of Icelandic youths, probably employed by the whaling station, come to our rescue. They towed our car until we could jump start it, and then we waved goodbye and drove to our prearranged hiding place for the car, as night was fast approaching.

A rainstorm began to fall, adding a brilliant cover as David and I pulled on our dark raingear, gloves and ski masks and strapped on fanny-packs filled with flashlights and tools. I then placed the car keys on the top of the rear tire, and we began the long walk to the whaling station in complete darkness, bending into the wind and increasing rain.

As we approached the whaling station, we were surprised by the sight and sound of a front-end excavator that was digging a trench at the station. We dropped to the ground and spent the next hour lying in the freezing rain until the workman and his machine headed off to the local town. As the lights of the machine disappeared, we leapt into action.

After this task, we found the computer control room that kept the entire stations machinery fully automated. We smashed the computer panels until sparks flew and LEDs flashed and the beautiful music of machines dying all around us could be heard. There was no time to waste, so we moved next to the ship's store, where the spare parts for the four whaling ships were kept. Taking the most expensive pieces, we walked to the edge of the docks and tossed them into the waters.

Finally, we reached the offices where record books detailing the illegal catches were confiscated and cyanide acid was poured through out the building. Windows were smashed, and anything that looked expensive set the business end of our wrenches and bolt cutters.

the seawater that cooled the ships' engines at sea. By the time I found it, David had returned to announce that the ship was indeed empty.

We began to wrestle off the sixteen or more nuts that held the valve cover in place, and when most were removed water began to shoot out from the bolt holes. I tasted it, and it was salty. When the cover was fully removed, the ocean water would flood first the engine room and then the rest of the ship's compartments, dragging it to a watery grave in Reykjavik's deep harbor. Leaving the cover partially removed, we moved to Hvalur 6, where we repeated the process, quickly locating removing that ship's salt-water cooling valves.

Finally, with all the nuts and bolts removed, we took a pry bar to the valve, and with a little persuasion the valve quickly popped free, releasing a flood of seawater that drenched both David and me. Quickly returning to Hvalur 5, we removed the last of that ship's cover bolts, and again the ocean began to rush in.



Now it was time to execute our escape. The whaling station had been demolished, and two 175-foot whaling ships were sinking. The time was just before 5 a.m., and the airport was almost an hour away. Walking away from the two sinking ships, we tossed our

tools into the icy waters and pulled our ski masks off just as we reached the car. Hopping into the driver's seat, I started the car and hopped onto the road. Less than two minutes later, we were pulled over by a Reykjavik Police Car.

My first thought was, "No, they can't be that good; they can't have been watching us this whole time..." Still, there we were two ships quickly sinking and minutes

ticking away before our flight to freedom would lift off, possibly leaving us for the next eleven years to fine tune our sensory skills at the local prison. And a police officer was walking to my window while David and I sat soaked in water, with grease from engines all over our clothes.

The officer asked me to get into his car. Looking at David as he sat with eyes forward, I got out of the car and into the back seat of the police cruiser. The officers ignored me and spoke to each other in Icelandic before finally turning around and asking me in plain English, "Have you drunken any alcohol tonight?" Almost laughing, I said, "No, I do not even drink!" which was a lie, and he then asked if he could smell my breath. It was tempting to utter a joke, but hot coffee on an Iceland Air jet was calling. So I breathed on him, and he wished me a safe trip to the airport, knowing that was where we were probably headed because of the early morning departure.

That police officer is probably still cursing himself today after having the nation's only saboteur since the second World War into his police car and then letting him go. Returning to the car, David told me he had almost bolted but thought it best that he wait for another moment for some signal from me. The zoo liberation was now out of the question as we sped towards the airport to catch our 6 a.m. flight.

Pulling into the airport we grabbed our daypacks and quickly changed our clothes, dumping the grease-covered ones in the airport garbage can. We next went through Icelandic Customs without any incident, checked in and grabbed our boarding passes. The polite ticket agent told us the flight was delayed due to the harsh weather. The words were what we least wanted to hear, and David and I spent the next 30 minutes staring at the clock, imagining the chaos erupting at Reykjavik harbor just about now. Finally, our flight was called, and we quickly boarded, still not feeling safe until we landed in Luxembourg. Hours later we did just that, David and I going out the window half expecting to see Interpol agents waiting for our arrival. They were not. We collected our luggage and walked out of the airport after making an anonymous call to the Sea Shepherd offices in the U.K. saying only, "We got the station, and two are on the bottom..."

We hitchhiked to Belgium, where we caught a ferry to England and then a bus to London. Getting off the bus now 36 hours after our action, I walked to a news agent and picked up a copy of the morning paper. A story on the front page said only, "SABOTERS SINK WHALERS, photo page six..."

Flipping to the page, I saw one of the most beautiful